

The World

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WATER-FRONT POSSIBILITIES.

The difficulty experienced by the crowds on Saturday evening in finding good places for seeing the fireworks and the marine parade in honor of the new bridge is an object lesson in the need for a better provision for public convenience on the water front. The upper west side is ideally equipped with Riverside Park. On that superb natural grand-stand a million people can view any marine spectacle in comfort. On the upper east side the new small parks would give a certain number of spectators a chance to see something if there were anything to see. But in the lower part of the city, where the swarming masses live, where most of the official ceremonies are held, and where the movement of the shipping furnishes a glorious marine pageant every day, the water front is so monopolized by commercial uses that the public is practically shut off from its enjoyment. The condition of Brooklyn's shore in this respect is particularly disgraceful.

Of course, commerce must come first in a commercial city, but there is no reason why it should not be combined with public pleasure. There is room for a few more small water-front parks, especially on the Brooklyn side. It is not likely that Europe would invade us if the army should find some other headquarters than Governor's Island and leave that for a public park. Criminals and paupers might cease to monopolize Blackwell's Island—the most perfect park site of its size in this or any other American city. Instead of six recreation piers there might be a hundred. Indeed, why should not every pier be a recreation pier above its commercial levels? Why should not a broad elevated esplanade, like the boardwalk at Atlantic City, run along the whole water front?

Some day we shall realize that it is not houses but people that make a city, and then we shall see what we can do for the people's comfort.

The World in Convulsion.—Two great wars threatening on both sides of the world at once—Russia against Japan, Colombia against the United States. But if the Russians and Japanese fight it looks as if each side would have to fight alone, while we shall be favored by the alliance of the Republic of Panama.

ART IN THE NEW BRIDGES.

In the accounts of the opening of the Williamsburg bridge much is said of the skill of the designing engineer, but there is no mention of an architect. This naturally explains why the bridge is an engineering triumph and an architectural horror. It is a pity that a monumental work of public necessity should be a blot upon the landscape instead of a new attraction. It is especially unfortunate, since the Brooklyn Bridge showed that such a structure could be made beautiful and impressive. Now that the mischief has been done in the Williamsburg Bridge, some unfortunate architects are to have the job of mitigating the structural hideousness of the design by sticking on "decorations," like putting plaster Cupids on a sawmill. The only way to decorate those towers is to take them down and put up new ones, which is a thing the present generation can hardly hope to see. Fortunately any future works of this kind must pass the scrutiny of the Municipal Art Commission. The Blackwell's Island Bridge is certainly going to be a vast improvement, architecturally, on the Williamsburg nightmare, and in the case of the Manhattan Bridge there is at least ground for hope.

Stern Justice in Illinois.—A negro student has been expelled from Northwestern University for attempting to assault a professor's daughter. He has been allowed to go to his home in Tennessee, but the despatches say that "only the fact that his attack failed prevented him from being severely dealt with." Think of that! He would actually have been severely dealt with. It seems incredible that Illinois justice could be so relentless, but then we have the stubborn fact that the negro has really been expelled from college for an attempt for which his Tennessee neighbors would merely have lynched him.

AWAKE AT LAST.

Why is it that New York has not secured a national convention of either political party in the past thirty-six years when cities of one-twentieth its population have been able to obtain that favor?

Because New York has not cared. Conscious of its own greatness, absorbed in its own affairs, it has never made a genuine effort to win the prize. For Minneapolis or Kansas City a national convention has been the great event of a decade—for New York it has seemed a side-show.

But New York is waking up now. It sees that the business a convention brings is worth the while of any city, even the greatest. Our railroads, our hotel-keepers, our merchants and our Congressmen are beginning to work, and the arguments they can present are unanswerable.

Why Should He Do It?—It is hard to believe that the President deliberately insulted the State of Louisiana and the city of New Orleans in connection with their Louisiana Purchase celebration. The law refuses to credit a crime without a motive, and what possible motive could there be in this case?

THE APOLOGETIC DEFAULTER.

A clerk in Chicago stole \$12,000 from his employers, at the rate of \$100 a day. His excuse is that he spent the money "living like a white man," and that "a white man can't live on \$9 a week."

That statement might be true, although, as a matter of fact, it is not, since many white men do live on \$9 a week, and still it would not excuse the man who spent more than his salary on the rent of his flat and laid out over six years' income on furniture. For the one thing that this apologist for theft overlooked was that if his employers did not offer him enough for a white man to live on he was not obliged to take it. It is always bad policy for an employer to pay less than living wages, but it is still worse policy for a worker to accept the insufficient payment and steal to make up the deficit. The excuse, "I couldn't live on my pay," would have some validity only if the sufferer were tied by law to his job.

Another Angel.—St. Thomas Lipton is going to give us another run for our cup if nobody else will try it. Why? We know he is a good loser and another man might have been empty-headed so cheerfully.

SASSY SUE - By the Creator of "Sunny Jim"—In the Christmas Shopping Crush



In a jammed department store
Susan, battered, bruised and sore,

Cried, "You varmint, can't you see
What you're trompin' on is me?"

Help, dod gast you! Quit your hustle;
You're a-bustin' my best bustle."

Minnie Maud Hanfl.

The Man with 365 Girls; Oh, the Bunch!

By
Nixola Greeley-Smith.

WHAT about the man with 365 girls—a girl for each day in the year?

There is no such man? Oh, yes there is, on every block in New York, and even a few in Brooklyn, the sedate city of families.

There is the man for whom the most interesting fact about a woman is not that she is young, or pretty, or charming, or all three; but that he has just met her. He is the man who, wherever he may be, never devotes too much time to one woman for fear that he will not get around to the others, who makes love by clockwork, and even while he is making profitable the five minutes he has allotted to the stunning Miss Brown by telling her that she has the most beautiful eyes he ever saw is wondering whether it is not time for him to make his way over to fluff Miss Jones and assure her playfully that she is the cutest little kitten he ever met.

He does not like Miss Brown because she is tall and stately and has gorgeous eyes. Those are the things about her that may interest other men.

To him she is interesting just because she is not Miss Jones.

Neither does he care for Miss Jones because of her fresh beauty and delightfully playful manner. She is purely and simply worth while because she is not Miss Brown.

And the same thing is true of Miss Green and Miss Black and of all the other more or less charming persons who make up his yearly quota of 365.

Monday night he calls on Mabel.

Mabel is so calm and sensible.

Tuesday he reserves for Lillian—what a charming bubbling little piece of nonsense she is.

Wednesday is for Margaret.

Thursday for Evelyn, and so it goes.

The man who has 365 rarely prefers one of them to the other. He regards them affectionately, though somewhat contemptuously in bulk, loving each one of them for something and none of them for everything.

He is like one of those mountain climbers who labor on from one height to another, never stopping to take a breath, nor getting an idea of the beauties they miss by their headlong speed, but animated only by the desire to get as many different names on their Alpine stocks as possible.

Of course, there are some enterprising cavaliers who have more than 365 girls on their visiting list, whose more or less sentimental acquaintance with women has practically no limit, who in their mad quest of novelty meet, make love to and break with a girl in less time than it takes the average conservative citizen to make up his mind to call.

The man with 365 girls travels at a rate that would justify his being called a sentimental express were it not for the fact that his fear of missing something by the way-side compels him to make all stops and so lose the reputation he might otherwise have for recklessness and daring.

MY LADY VIOLIN.

I know a witch; small, frail and brown is she,
With slender throat and form of curious grace.
I see her standing in the haunted gloom,
Vague phantom voices lure me to the place.

She draws me to her with a mystic charm,
With dream-dim eyes I lean upon her breast;
And then she sings to me—soft, strange, sweet melodies,
Caressing all my unrest into rest.

And I remember all that I have missed,
But am content; I will no longer seek.
And lo! a golden dawn creeps through my heart,
For she has taught my voiceless soul to speak.

—Kathleen L. Greig in Pearsons.

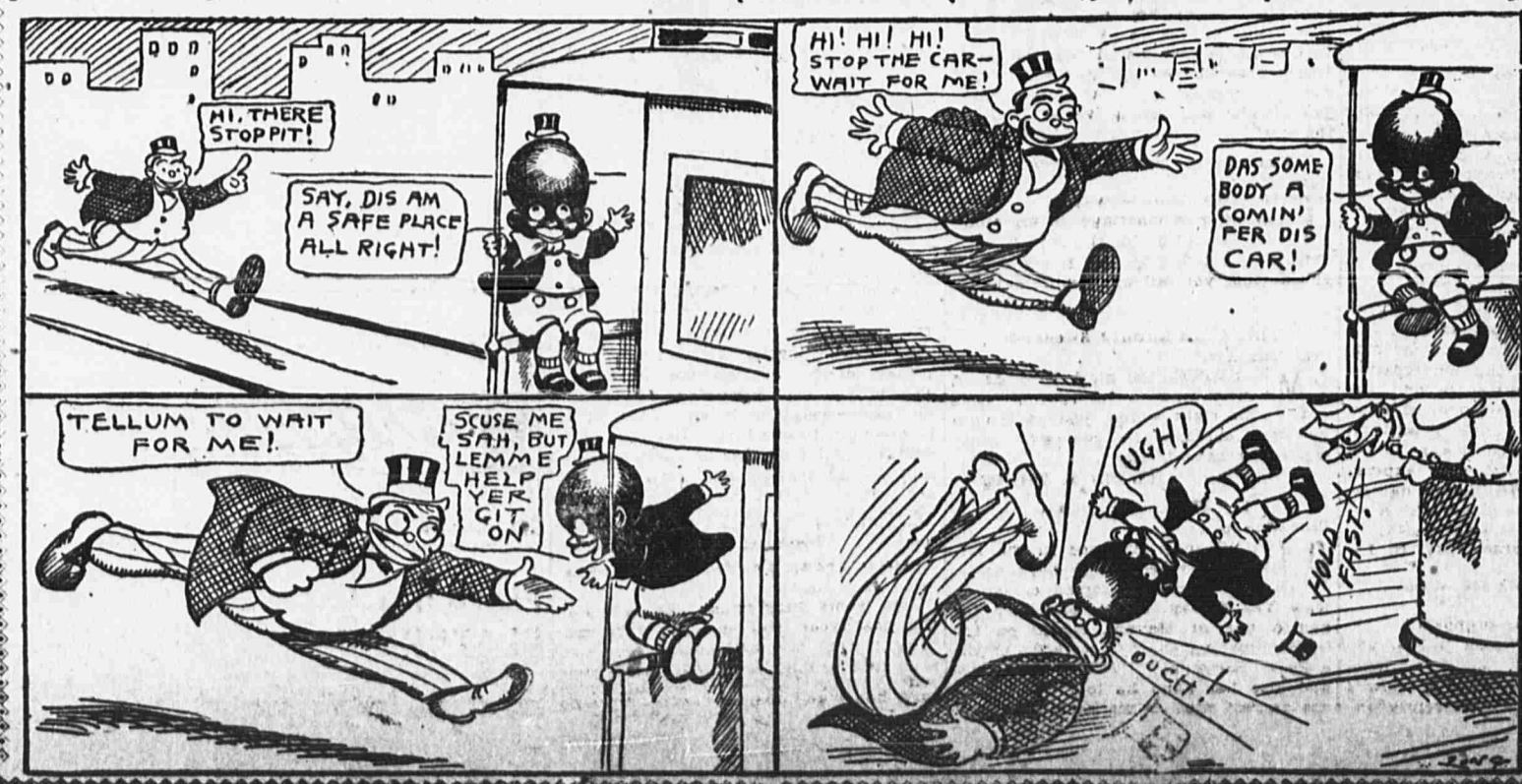
The Important Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Goes Shopping with Miss Sixfoot and Falls Victim to a Very Ancient Trick.



Little Dixie The Goon Kid

He Helps a Man to Catch a Trolley Car and Slips His Own Trolley.



The Man Higher Up

No Cinch for
the New Police
Commissioner.

"I SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that Mr. McAdoo holds the best cards in sight for the Police Commissionership."

"He has a good name for the job," responded the Man Higher Up. "It is the first time since McCullagh that a 'Mac' has been in charge of the police, and McCullagh was a man who made his own ice in the estimation of most of the 'Macs' and 'O's' in uniform. The name of McAdoo will be in print more times in the next two years than it has ever been before, and whether it will have preferred position on the bouquet page or be set up with the roasts depends entirely upon Mr. McAdoo."

"If he is sworn in as Police Commissioner he will take hold of the hardest job in the United States. The President of a big railroad system is supposed to be somewhat of an approach to the real thing in the way of handling men, but he ranks like a shoestring peddler alongside the Police Commissioner of New York. Of course I am talking about a Police Commissioner who gets away with his work and don't have the whole town jumping on him."

"One policeman alone is a hard proposition to handle. When you mass a few thousand of them the person who don't know anything about their ways and inclinations will think he has encountered a tornado the first time he tries to swing them into line. It seems that out of the thousands of policemen in New York there should be at least one man with ability enough to be the main squeeze in Mulberry street, but the fact that all administrations have to go outside to get commissioners shows what the force is."

"During his term of office Mr. McAdoo is due for at least 780 eye-openers—one every day for two years. He has consolidated street railroads and he has built impossible tunnels and has worked himself up from a newboy to vast wealth, but he is going to be pushed against experiences that he never dreamed about before he gets through. If he don't let himself get touted wrong he has more power to stake Tammany to win again in the next election than any other man in the administration."

"A New York policeman is different from men in any other walk of life. I have heard old-time cops say that the Twelve Apostles would lose their halos could they be brought to earth to-day and put on the police force. The Commissioner who hopes to train the Department to eat out of his hand will have to approach it with a velvet message brush and an axe. Bill Devery knew policemen better than any of the Mulberry street push in recent years, but when Nature furnished Bill's thought boudoir it left out tact. A certain amount of brutality goes a long way in handling policemen, but the tact adjunct is the chief screw in the machinery."

"Mr. McAdoo will have a shade if he takes the place, because the people by electing McCullagh have indorsed the three-platoon system. When the cops get an eight-hour day they ought to be real good."

"It will be a great thing," said the Cigar Store Man, "if the Commissioner can keep the cops from grafting."

"What do you expect them to do?" asked the Man Higher Up. "Live on their salaries?"

Long-Range Ancestry.

A double succession of very late marriages brought the Hon. Lovel Coke, now ten years old, into this world 140 years after the birth of his grandfather. This was William Coke, who gave his name to the billycock hat, and was born in 1764 and became first Earl of Leicester. He married a Keppel in 1822, being sixty-eight years old, and left three sons. One of them, the present Earl, now eighty-one years of age, became the father of the Hon. Lovel when he was seventy-one years old.

Goats Filled with Gold.

A herd of goats, upon which the scientists at the University of Chicago had been experimenting, was seized by a crowd of mischievous boys recently, and one lad was apprehended while making off with a "billy" whose system had been filled with disease germs imported from India. Another of the precious animals was full of bichloride of gold, which cost the university authorities \$200.

An Octogenarian Town.

Hubbardston, Mass., with a population of a little over 1,000, has twenty-five people that are eighty years and over. The average age of these people is eighty-five years; all of them, with the exception of two, are in good health.